BOARD OF DIRECTORS: Weaver Solomon Diebol P. E. DaughertyJ. H. Branar Phil A. Harner.

MISSOURI

HE DIED TOO BOON.

They were a short-sighted race those old masters of painting and other arts. They died too soon. Stradivarius sold violins for \$15 or \$20 that would have brought him thousands had he waited long enough. Pictures that yielded but small amounts to the old Italians who painted them can now be bought only by millionaires. Even the masters of the early English school, that of Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney, showed the same lack of economy in not living long enough. In a great London auction room on Friday a portrait by Romney sold for \$206,875. In his lifetime Romney charged from \$125 for a portrait 25 by 30 inches to \$400 for a full-length portrait 57 by 93 inches. Probably Friday's price was a record one for Romney, but in recent years the market value of a good wholelength has ranged from \$50,000 to \$125,000. But if they didn't get out of their work the prices that we moderns are willing to pay for it, at least they got the glory out of it. They put something into their pictures and viclins and other wares that gave them life for ceneuries. How many productions of the age of Romney have increased 5,000 times in value since they were made?

A young Louisvillian who was married in Indiana to a girl fifteen years old is charged with subordination of perjury and pleads insanity. Why net? Pope declares love "the sole disease thou canst not cure," and, of course, he did not mean to call it a physical ailment. Theorritus asserted that there was no remedy for it, "either salve or plaster," says the Louiseven ambition was no cure for it. Rosalind told Orlando that a man in love might be readily picked out in a crowd because his hose would be ungartered, his bonnet unbanded, his I was angry at what he was doing." sleeve unbuttoned, his shoe untied and everything about him awry, and ting round the delicate points of the carelessness in the arrangement of situation-that inconsistently feminine clothing is one of the well recognized | way which separates judgment of the symptoms of paresis. Literature bristles with expert opinion tending to establish the insanity of lovers. And great literature is great literature because it is luminous with truth.

The lady's maids of Chicago are against some grievances, which many right, sympathizers will regard as very real. They are rebelling against interminable booking up of gowns, late tresses on the other, will add vastly to the gavety of nations, that is to gents who will not be requisitioned stared at the fire. to do the hooking up and wash the dogs.

Daniel come to judgment and an embodiment of chivalry rolled into one is a Missouri judge who decided that because woman is engaged the fact does not oblige her to refuse the at- her, but he thought with grim lips of tentions of other men, and that she may lawfully have as many other down and let her feel how heavy Bill beaux as she pleases. From he mas Cannon's hand could be. culine standpoint this marvel of gallantry is simply a foolish person who has never known the pangs of being engaged to a licensed flirt.

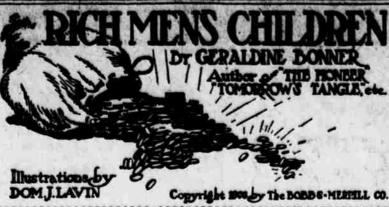
dent's daughters were there looking at gowns recently, and were informed that a charge of two dollars was made for alterations; whereupon one of them responded. "Oh, we can make any necessary alterations at home; we know how to sew.' The accomplishment is one that should be possessed by every woman in the land. and the fact that it is taught in the public schools at the present time shows that there is one respect at least in which public school authorities respond to the practical need of the public.

Suppression of opium production seems to be progressing very energetically in China. Soldiers are destroying poppy fields, and one report is that 67 farmers were burned by the soldiers, who set fire to the house in which they were holding a meeting. If this is called to the attention of other opium farmers it seems calculated to induce them to plant some other crop.

High heels and hobble skirts are causes of many accidents to women. according to an official report of the Pennsylvania railroad. If accidents o males, due to same causes, were included the total would be appalling

A New York woman modestly demanded \$78,000 alimony. The judge cut it down to \$15,000, saying he would not provide her with money for fdleness, highballs and cigarettes. She will probably have to roll her own.

ble skirts and high beels are ed for many accidents. Despite



SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope, Dominick Ryan dalls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson. a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrets, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Rvan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stermbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Berny exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Berny exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon suggests buying off Berny. Dominick sees to park on Sunday with Berny and family, sees Miss Cannon, bows to lear and starts uneasiness in Berny. In Mrs. Ryan's name Cannon offers Berny Econominic Ryan engaged to Jack Duffy. Cannon offers Berny those and is turned down. Berny tells sisters of offer. Buford, the actor, makes a hit in vaudeville. Rose tells Dominick that he must stick to wife, and first time auknowledges

CHAPTER XVIII .- Continued. She leaned down to take his hand ville Courier-Journal. Scott spoke of He relinquished it to her with an imit as a disorder when he said that mense lightening of his heart, and peace fell on him as he felt her rub her cheek against his knuckles.

"So you're not mad at the old man after all?" he said almost shyly. "No," she murmured, "not at him

It was a subtly feminine way of getindividual from judgment of his acts. But it relieved the Bonanza King of the heaviest weight that had lain upon him for many years, and, for once, he gave thanks for the irrationalness of women.

"Well, good night, honey," he said. "no matter what crazy notions you've about to form a union and strike got, you're the old man's girl all

> She kissed him. "And you won't forget your prom-

"Of course not," he said stoutly not hours and dog nursing. A domestic sure just what she was alluding to. service union, with strikes on one "Any promise I make to you stands side and indignant but helpless mis- put till the Day of Judgment. Good

the portion of the national contin- cigar, sank lower in his chair and to the past. An icy nostalgic ache of without. It was smaller than the res

It was a deadlock. In his helplossover all obstacles that fate had set in been completely drawn out of her. From the feminine standpoint a his path, his prevailing thought was how much he would like to kill Berny. at last woke her to a realization of her She had done all this. This viper of surroundings, and she sat upright, a woman, the kind to tread on if she looking blinkingly to the right and left. raised her head, had baffled and besten them all. He could not murder how he could crush and grind her the brightness and animation of the

It seemed for the moment as if everything were over. They had reached a place where a blank wall stretched across the road. Berny's refusing the money had been a serious obstacle, but not an unconquerable From a Washington department one, Rose tonight had given the whole store comes the recital that the presi- plot its death blow. With lowering brows he puffed at his cigar, groping in his mind for some way that might yet be tried. He could not brook the thought of defeat. And yet the more he meditated the more impregnable and unscalable appeared the wall that stretched across the way.

CHAPTER XIX.

Friend or Foe. For some time after Rose had left her, Berny remained on the bench, not moving, her glance resting on that part of the path whence the young girl's figure had faded from view.

The night slowly deepened, impregnating the gray atmosphere with a vel vety depth of shadow that oozed through it like an infusion of a darker, denser element. Lights came out. First sporadically, here and there blooming through the opaque dusk, not suddenly, but with an effect of gradualness, as though the air was so thick it took some time to break through it. Then came more. Rows of windows appeared in long, magnified sputters. All round the plaza there was a suggestion of effaced brightness, as of a painting which had once been sharply outlined and brilliant, but was now rubbed into a formless, impressionist study of shad-

golden halos of lamps blotted the dark at intervals, and now and then the figures, which had occupied the benches, passed into the circles of vaporous illumination, and passed out of them, as if they had been crossing the stage

of a theater. Berny did not move and did not no tice the increasing chill of the hour or the moisture beading on her clothes like wintry rime. She was sunk in an abyss of thought, a suspended trance of contemplation, of receptivity to new ideas. In one hour her basic estimate of human nature, her accepted meas urement of motives and standards, had been suddenly upset. Her point of view was like a kaleidoscope, which is unexpectedly turned. Sitting mo tionless on the bench she saw the familiar aspect of life fallen into new shapes, taking on allen forms.

She realized that Dominick had nev er been happy with her, and, for the first time, she understood the gulf be tween them. She saw what the life was that he had wanted to lead, and that he could have led with the other woman. It would have been that very form of existence which Berny had always derided, and thought an outward expression of the inward duliness of people who had children, looked shabby, and did not care for money. Now she felt unsure as to whether her scorn of it was not foolish and unenlightened. As in a sudden forward shoot of a search-light, she saw them -Dominick and Rose-happy in a way she had never dreamed of being happy, them, living passionately for each othher of value.

She brought her mental vision back from this upon herself and felt shaken and slightly sick. Seeing beyond the circle of her own experience and sensation for the first time, she would have said to any companion who might have shared her thoughts: "No wonder Dominick didn't get on with For a dispassionately-contemplative moment she saw herself in Dominick's eyes; she saw their married life as it had been to him. She felt sorry for both of them-for him in his forced acquiescence with the conditions around him, for herself because of her ignorance of all he had wanted and expected.

whispered to herself, "that's the way

She never could be any different. She was one kind of woman and Rose Cannon was another, and Dominick belonged to Rose Cannon's kind. She did not know that it was so much better than her kind but it was different. a distant world, and the feeling gave her a sensation of deadly depression. The burning heat of resentment that had made her speak to Rose was gone. When she left him, he lit another the last two months seemed to belong loneliness had hold of her. The accustomed sense of intimacy and warm, enness, the enraged helplessness of the joying interest in the world-what we man who had ridden triumphantly mean when we talk of "living"-had

> The cold, biting in to her marrow, The half-lit plaza lay like a lake of and a child were sitting. They glanced shadow surrounded by a circlet of at Berny with languid curiosity and light and girdled by noise. It was like



Sh, Hurried by the Market Stalls.

world flowing round her but not touch

She rose suddenly, determined to Italian section of the city which is leave the place as soon as possible. called the Latin Quarter. She walked slowly, not knowing where to go, only liquid in which dark bits of leaves and determined that she would not go herbs floated, she tasted it hesitating-

ner and find the cheer of congenial so-ciety. But on consideration she felt that this, too, was more than she could just new bear. They would tor-ment her with questions and she felt in no mond to put them off or to be in no mood to put them off or to be confidential. Finally she remem-bered a Mexican restaurant, to visit which had at one time been a fashion. She had been there with Hasel and Josh, and once in a party with some of the bank people. She knew where the place was and felt that she could dine there with no fear of encountering any one she knew.

With an objective point in view, her step gained decision, and she moved forward briskly, leaving the plaza and plunging into the congeries of picturesque streets which harbor a swarming foreign population. The lights of shops and open stalls fell out into the fog, transforming it into thick. churning currents of smoky pallor. Wet walls and sidewalks showed a gold veneer, and lingering drops, trembling on cornices, hung like tiny globes of thin yellow glass.

People and things looked magnified and sometimes horrible seen through this mysterious, obscuring medium. Once behind a pane of glass she saw lines of detached, staring eyes, fastened glaringly on her as she advances. It was the display in an optician's show-window, where glass eyes were disposed in fanciful lines, like a decoration. She looked at them askance, feeling that there was something sinister in their wide, unwinking scrutiny. She hurried by the market stalls, where the shawled figures of women stood huddled round the butcher's block. They looked as if they might be grouped round a point of interest, bending to stare at something lying there, something dreadful, like a corpse, Berny thought.

When she saw the Mexican restan rant she felt relieved. The strange atmospheric conditions seemed to have played upon her nerves and she was glad to get somewhere where she could find warmth and light and peo ple. The place, a little shabby house dating from the era of the projecting shingle roof and encircling balcony, stood on a corner with windows on in a world so far from hers that she two streets. It was built upon a slope had never before had a clear look at so sharp that the balcony, which in it, a man and women concentrated up. front skirted the second story, in the on the siece of life that belonged to back was on a level with the sidewalk. The bright light of gas-jets, under er, indifferent to all that seemed to shades of fluted white china, fell over the contents of the show-window. They were not attractive. A dish of old and shriveled oranges stood between a plate of tamales and another of red and green peppers. There were many flies in the window, and, chilled by the cold, they stood along the inside of the glass in a state of torpor.

Berny pushed open the door and entered. The front part of the place was used as a grocery store and had a short counter at one side, behind which stood shelves piled high with the wares demanded by the Mexican and Spanish population. Back of this were the tables of the restaurant. The powerful, aromatic odors of the groceries blended with the even more powerful "I couldn't be any different," she ones of the Mexican menu. The room was close and hot. In a corner, his back braced against the wall, a Spanlard, with inky dark hair and a large expanse of white shirt bosom, was languidly picking at a guitar.

Berny knew that there was an inner sanctum for the guests that preferred more secluded quarters, and walked They made her feel like an outsider in past the counter and between the tables. An arched opening connected with this room. Coarse, dirty, lace curtains hung in the archway and, looped back against gilt hooks, left a All the burning heats and angers of space through which a glimpse of the interior was vouchsafed to the diner taurant proper, and was fitted up with an attempt at elegance. Lace curtains -also coarse and dirty-veiled the windows, and two large mirrors, with tarnished and fly-spotted gilt frames. hung on the wall opposite the entrance.

Just now it was sparsely patronized. In one corner two women in mourning then resumed a loud and voluble conversation in Spanish. A party of three Jews, an over-dressed woman and two young men-evidently visitors from another part of town-sat near them. On the opposite side there was no one Berny slipped noiselessly into a chair at the corner table, her back against the partition that shut off the rest of tain advanced his head and through the dining-room. She felt sheltered the interstices of the drapery tried in this unoccupied angle, despite the fact that the mirror hanging opposite standing in the archway.

gave a reflection of her to any one The cloth was dirty and here and there showed a hole. Her ineradicable fastidiousness was strong in her eve at this hour, when everything that was a manifestation of her own personality seemed weak and devitalized. She was disgustedly clearing away the crumbs. of the last occupant with daintilybrushing movements of her finger-tips when the walter drew up beside her and demanded her order. It was part of this weird evening, when natural surroundings seemed to combine with ity. "They was here before you." her own overwrought condition to create an effort of strangeness and terror. that the waiter should have been an old, shriveled man of shabby and dejected mien, with a defect in one eye. which rendered it abnormally large and prominent under a drooping, reding her, as she sat alone in the dark- dened lid. In order to see well it was necessary for him to hold his head at a certain angle and bring the eye, starescape, if such were possible, from ing with alarming wildness, upon the her gloomy thoughts, and walked object of his attention. His aspect toward the upper end of the square, added still further to Berny's dissatisdirecting her steps to the Spanish and faction. She resolved to eat little and When her soup came, a thin yellow

by a gentraining thread. To her dulled observation the laughter of the Jewish party came mingled with the tinkling of the gultar outside, and the loudcontinuous talk from the Spanish women in the corner.

The waiter brought fish-a fried smelt-and she roused herself and picked up her fork. She did not notice that a man was standing near her in the archway, the edge of the lace curtain in his hand, looking about the room. He threw a side glance at her which swept her shoulders, her hat, and her down-bent profile, and looked away. Then, as if of a head emerging from above the something in this glimpse had suddenly touched a spring of curiosity, he looked back again. His second survey was longer. The glance he bent upon her was sharp and grew in intensity. He made no attempt to enter or to move nearer her, but any one watching him would have seen that his interest increased with the prolongation of his scrutiny.

As if afraid of being observed he cast a quick surreptitious look over the room, which in its circuit crossed the mirror. Here, reflected from a different point of view, Berny was shown in full face, her eyes lowered, her hands moving over her plate. This man scanned the reflection with immovable intentness. Berny laid down her fork and pushed the fish away with a petulant movement, and the curtain. Through its meshes he continued to stare at the mirror, his lips in the fixity of his observation.

with dishes, and she made a beckon- she walked without haste, now and ing gesture to him. He answered with then glancing at a window or a passerjerk of his head, and, going to the by. She was like a person who has

unfastened his cost. To the servant who came for his order, he asked for a cup of black coffee and a liqueur the paper before his face.

He sat thus for some fifteen min-utes. The Spanish women and the child emerged from the archway and left the restaurant, and a few moments later he heard the scraping of chair legs and Berny's voice as she asked for her bill. He lifted the paper and appeared buried in its contents, not noving as Berny brushed back the lace curtain and passed him. Her eyes absently fell on him and she had a vague impression of the dark dome rustled by he lowered the paper and followed her with a keen, watchful glance. He did not move till the street door closed behind her, when he threw the paper aside, snatched up his hat and flicked a silver dollar on to the cloth.

"No change," he said to the waiter, who came forward.

The surprised servant, unaccus tomed to such tips, stared astonished after him as he hurrled down the passage between the tables, quickly opened the door and disappeared into

the darkness of the street. Berny was only a few rods away, moving forward with a slow, loitering step. It was an easy night to follow without being observed. Walking at a prudent distance behind her, he kept watcher drew back behind the lace her in sight as she passed from the smaller streets of the Latin Quarter into the glare and discord of the more tightly shut, his face becoming rigid populous highways, along Kearney Street, past the lower boundary of The waiter entered, his arms piled Portsmouth Square. He noticed that

who came for his order, he asked for a cup of black coffee and a liqueur glass of brandy. He also requested an evening paper. With the sheet open before him he sat sipping the coffee, the slightest noise from the inner room causing him to start and lift the paper before his face. avement, a line of doors with nambers showing black on illuminated transoms revealed it to the man oppoite as a flat building. Here Berny stopped and without hesitation, evidently as one who was familiar with the place, mounted the steps and walked to the last of the doers.

The man, with soft and careful footsteps, crossed the street. As he drew nearer he saw that she was not using a latch-key, but was waiting to be admitted, leaning as if tired against the wall. He had reached the sidewalk opened sheets of the journal. As she when the door opened, vouchsafing him a bright, unimpeded view of a long flight of stairs carpeted in green. Berny entered and for a moment, before the door closed, he saw her mounting the stairs. She had not asked for any one, or indeed made a sound of greeting or inquiry. She was therefore either expected or an habitue of the place. When the door was shut he, too, mounted the porch steps and read the number on the transom. He whispered it over several times, the light falling out on his thin, aguiline face with a sweep of dark hair drooping downward toward

his collar. Satisfied with his investigation, he left the porch and walked rapidly down the street to the corner. Here there was a lamp, and halting under its light he drew from his pocket a leather wallet and took therefrom Dominick Ryan's card with an address written on it. The penciled numbers were the same as those on the door he had just left, and he stood looking fixedly at the card, an expression of excitement and exultation growing on his face.

CHAPTER XX.

1

The Actor's Story. The afternoon of the next day Dominick came home earlier than usual. His New York friend, who was en route to Japan, had but a couple of days in San Francisco, and again claimed his company for dinner. The theater was to follow and Dominick had come home to change his clothes. and incidentally either to see Berny and explain his absence or to leave a message for her with the Chinaman. He felt rather guilty where she was concerned. He had seen nothing of her for two days. The only time they met was in the evening after business hours, the only meal they took together was dinner. With every spark of affection dead between them, their married life the hollowest sham, she had so long and so sternly trained him to be considerate of her and keep her on his mind, that he still instinctively followed the acquired habit of thinking of her comfort and arranging for it. He knew she would be annoyed at the two lonely dinners. and hoped to see her before he left and suggest to her that she telephone for one of her sisters to join her.

The flat was very quiet when he entered, and after looking into one or two rooms for her he called the Chinaman, who said Mrs. Ryan had gone out early in the afternoon, leaving no message except that she would be home to dinner. Dominick nodded a dismissal and walked into the den-He carried the evening papers in his hand, and looking at the clock he saw that he had an hour before it would leave the house. Berny would undoubtedly be home before then; she was rarely out after six. Meantime. the thought that she was not in and that he could read the papers in unmolested, uninterrupted silence caused a slight sense of relief to lighten the weight that was now always with him.

He had hardly opened the first sheet when a ring at the bell dispelled his hopes. It was one of his wife's habits never to carry a latch-key, which she looked upon as a symbol of that bourgeois, middle-class helpfulness that she had shaken off with her other working-girl manners and customs. Dominick dropped the paper, waiting for her entrance, and framing the words with which he would acquaint her with the fact that he was to be absent again. Instead, however, of the rustle of feminine skirts, he heard the Chinaman's padding steps, and the servant entered and presented him with a card. Traced on it in a sprawling handwriting was the name "James Defay Buford." Dominick remembered his invitation to the man to call, and realized that this probably was the only time that the actor could convenlently do so. There was an hour yet before dinner would be served, and turning to the servant Dominick told him to show the gentleman up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Billiards in the Country. Willie Hoppe, the billiard player, was discussing in New York the question of summer vacations.

her even better here than in the res-"I like summer vacations," he said. taurant. She sat, a small, dark figure, "in the heart of the country. The pressed into the angle of the seat, only trouble with the heart of the country is that you can't get a good her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes down. Her hat cast a shadow over game of billiards there.

"Maybe you've heard about the two chaps, summering at Sunapee, who complained that they couldn't tell the two white balls apart, as neither of them had a spot. But the proprietor explained to them that it would be easy, after a little practice, to distinguish the balls by their shape.

"Another chap up at Sunapee asked for a game of billiards, and when the balls were brought, gave a loud, bitter laugh of disgust.
"'Look here,' he said, 'ft's balls I

home. She thought for a moment of ly, and, after a mouthful or two, put table, and at this he sat down, laid the car, so that its moving body hid asked for-not dice."-New York ows and undefined, yellow blurs. The her sisters, where she could have din- down her spoon and leaned back his hat on the chair beside him, and him from her. Emptiness and silence Tribune.

To Those Versed in Woodcraft, Nature Provides Many Guides for

Those well versed in woodcraft oint out that even in the "trackless ta" nature provides many nat-

suraight in his course.

side of the evergreen trees gum will their tips to the south. be hard and amber colored. On the Sawed or cut stumps will afford one north side this gum is softer, generally dustier, and is of a solled gray hue: the concentric rings are thicker on the Hardwood trees—the oak, the ash, south side. The heart of the stump elms, hickories, mesquite, etc.—have is thus neares to the north side. These results are said to be due to are smaller, tougher, lighted in color and with darker veins on the south on the north they are longer, of dark-For instance, there is a mature tree and with darker veins on the south, bare on the south side, and if they that stands apart from its fellows on the north they are longer, of dark how any moss at all it will be on the bark on this tree will be harder, or green and with lighter veins, the north. At best, on the sunny side

NATURAL COMPASS IN WOODS drier and lighter in color on the south | Spiders build on the south side. In only a thin covering of harsh, half-dry | Belgian system, as the family man has | The explanation was that the rioters side. On the north it will show a the south air plants will attach themclump of mold or moss. On the south selves to the north side. Cedars bend

the influence of the sun. Sto

The Glance He Bent Upon Her Was Sharp and Grew in Intensity

able where the Spanish women sat, no objective point in view, or at least

is in no hurry to reach it.

But this did not seem to be the

ease, for when she reached the square

she took her stand on the corner

where the Sacramento street cars

stop. The man drew back into a door-

way opposite. They were the only

passengers who boarded the car at

that corner, Berny entering the closed

interior, the man taking a seat on the

outside. He had it to himself here

and chose the end seat by the win-

dow. Muttering imprecations at the

cold, he turned up his overcoat collar

and drew his soft felt hat down over

his ears. By turning his head he

could see between the bars that cross

the end windows, the interior of the

car shining with light, its polished

yellow woodwork throwing back the

white glare of the electricity. There

were only three passengers, two de

pressed-looking women in dingy black,

and Berny on a line with himself in

the corner by the door. He could see

the upper part of her face, and below

this the end of her nose, her mouth

and chin were revealed as pale and

sharply-cut as an ivory carving. She

seemed to be sunk in thought and sat

motionless; the half of her face he

could see, looking very white against

He was furtively surveying her,

when she started, glanced out of the

window and signed to the conductor

to the ground and stole lightly round

her black fur collar.

into the general room. Close to the to stop. The man on the front dropped

unloaded his cargo there, as he set

it out exchanging remarks with the

women in their own language and

showing no haste to Berny's summons.

She moved in her chair and muttered

angrily. The man behind the lace cur

to look directly at her. In this posi-

tion he could only catch a glimpse of

her, but he saw her hand stretched

forward to take one of the red beans

from the glass saucer in the middle

f the table. It was an elegant hand,

he skin smooth and white, the fingers

overed with rings. She again beck-

oned, this time peremptorily, and the

waiter came. The listener could hear

her voice distinctly as he watched her

"Why didn't you come when I beck-

"Because I had other people to wat

What's the matter with the dinner

"I ain't cooked it," retorted the

man, growing red with indignation,

'And no else's complained. I guess

Berny made an angry movement-

sometimes alluded to as "flouncing"-

"Get me an enchilada," she said per-

emptorily, "and after that some fri-

The waiter moved away and the

man behind the curtain, as if satisfied

by his long survey, also turned back

opening there was an unoccupied

and turned her head away from him

oles. I don't want anything else."

his swollen eye glaring flercely at her

t's what's the matter with you?"

on," said the waiter with equal asper-

reflection in the glass.

tonight? It's all bad."

oned?" she said sharply.

Suffrage Conditions in Belgium. The Belgians must have grown weary of the "college man in po cial privilege of the learned is only

two votes to the bachelor's one, and there are property qualifications besides. If the proposed social strike for manhood suffrage, only one vote per voter, is carried into operation Belgium may present scenes worthy A Belgian who is a graduate of a uni-versity, or holds a diploma from one of its stormy past. The Belgians have of the great technical schools, has two a genius for organizing disorder. "supplementary votes." This is a Twenty years ago when they com-grievance to the Belgian masses, who pelled a broadening of the suffrage, it insist on manhood suffrage. The spejarly well handled and fought with an intelligence that puzzled the military.

were disciplined and directed by "reservists" who instead of "joining the colors," joined the revolt.

Saving Electric Current

Repeatedly interrupting the carrent for infinitesimal fractions of time, permitting the filament to cool but not interfering with the light as perceived by the human eye, a French electrician has invented a lamp which heclaims uses but one two-hundreath or the current of ordinary lamps.